

DIE LEERE MITTE

Random Access Series

.....
26 1/2
.....

B E R L I N

© John M. Bennett 2025
March – April 2025

Tribut Pentra Mirta Cartărescu
și cartea lui

SOLENOID

Translated by Sean Cotter
Dallas, Texas: Deep Vellum Publishing
2022

*“...perhaps we had forgotten, the way we forget
everything...when our brain molts like a crab...”*
– Mirta Carărescu

DIE LEERE MITTE

Random Access Series 26.5 Berlin, 2025.

Edited in Berlin by Horst Berger and Federico Federici.

home: <https://leserpent.wordpress.com/category/dlm/>

twitter: @LeereMitte

ISBN 9798292879664

SOY OTRO
=
I AM AN OTHER

JOHN M. BENNETT

TRIBUT PENTRU MIRTA CARTĂRESCU

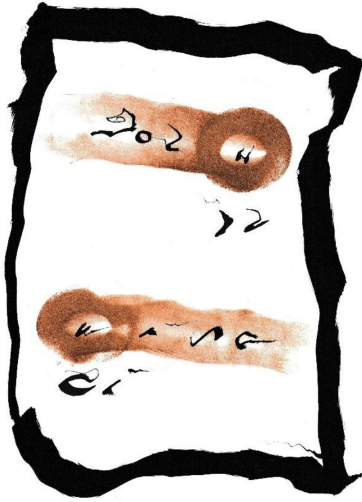


LUNA BISONTE PRODS

2025

soy otro

seep moon blow door gash wind
itch flood lung plate dusty cloud
nada forma storm ant sot tos comb
bomb leg peel dead time sink air sore
blind drip beast lint tube mute stone
la B al



no sé leer

"...I was kicked out of literature."

Mircea Cartărescu

flood dry neck hill clay loop
nod pill gun neck flayed
tooth's word stun silence day
tomb slobbered guffaw
death essence chew air
gRIT
ch

I clawed the wall

"It seems strange that I have a body,

That I am in a body." - Mirta Cartărescu

es Nips' shadow slaw my
forgk , tenedor para las
trescientos treinta y tres
sopas secas , eres la in
contabilidad exnumeronte
exnombreante y la nube in
vis ble canta cuanta incacantles
cantábiles calambres ; they
swallow thumb or tongue bled
out , no hay dedos , no hay ;
ni nada

in FIN ta
i


I called my head ballooned
*"I tugged on the hard sliver coming
out of my navel..." -Mirta Cartărescu*

hull gland thing I taste in
slabination de la casa inflada
con una palabra sola , lo que
recordé olvdado , im pulso del
aire estancado . es un libro
incomprensible sin alfabeto , lo
que me nexplica todo , & *the*
sink flushed below my knees
there is no floor , ni flor de
muerto , tampoco viento

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

gristle falls in the lake ≈
“...a text outside the museum of literature,
a real door scrawled onto the air...”
-Mirta Cartărescu

my cloud arisen , stiff &
dripping , , , saw mouth
's hole glimmering in yr

throat's  a lost shoe ,
clamor's thick tongue , the
frozen door afire ~~~~~
yr eye's stagnant lake love
rippled in my chest “where a
brick on the mattress fell”



la voz del fango en llamas

*"I poured the contents of my mind over
them the way a starfish digests a nest of
snails." - Mircea Cartărescu*

my flown trance folded in yr lap
corners fell off my head mud
, adobe que se acuerda de su
lago , brown in the floating sun's

clot of teeth , its empty sockets ● ●

saw my open skull , ***such wind ! ~~~~***

~~~; such flood of gasoline ! ~~

~~~~~

(the lost nap's flight)

),CLOUD WARNING!(

voice tripled in rain

*"...in theory, everythingg works,
but in practice, we're dead..."*

-Mircea Cartărescu

in my back's hot flood a
shifting tooth , a roof's
slathered congealant or my
visage sans clairvoyance sans

langue ㄟㄟㄟ ni túnel con
aguas negras for yr light p
latter sm eared with sound of
silenced gasoline swells behind

mi oreja cave itching ▲ ¿could
you spell my throat? ¿could I?
in the long box , my blood-dark

feet ● ● ● ● ● ●

aftervoid

*"...as though I was only that
peripheral and painful gaze..."*

-Mircea Cartărescu

O es llo tongue
eat to die dust lake
tube door bag toe
leg eel dig eye
load shut face hole
slab fork *agua burnt*

ftEr

o i d

acentrarte

*"...every living organism is symmetrical
and develops asymptotically from the
few sediments that cast a shadow
over the pole of the initial egg."*

-Mircea Cartărescu

huevo espiralizante yema

porquería pecho mas

ticado ojo divisible

suero vaca viento

libro impávido

labio rugoso

calambre

cocido

hueso

desmirado culo

cumbre acrónica

pu

ra

sombr

a a

treup



me veo la cabeza sin cabeza

*"My hair was shaved, yellow insects
swarmed over the scalp. But how
can I see my own head?"*

-Mircea Cartărescu

fumbles head lint burns
cash dissolves cracked ear
corn pool thinks thick
bomb hair twists neck
lung wind sore ball
dry skin text drool

liBp
tORe

e

l

o

t

e

said the tide fell off
*"...the writing was not carved
but floated one finger-length
above the stone's polished
surface..."*
-Mircea Cartărescu

air's ants shirt shreds eye
inversion ink rain path heaves
short tongue death sky phone
fell lap's leak words hiss
snore's peel breaks glass paper

sUNg

DER

re

spi

rat

I O N

.

12

doblar las esquinas bucales

*"I had a twin in every mirror as though
each were a glass cylinder where my
clone lay in a vegetative state..."*

-Mircea Cartărescu

fallen cave light dust breath

burns floor cenote seco

inundado por un vacío

fango pensado thick

nostrils dropped fl

ashlight snot cry

stal fluid glass

mouth glugging

deconga**g**ulation

g

g

g

g

g

liquesagitation

paper torn & clouded
*"The text seemed broken off, since
 at the bottom edge of the page there
 were some points that seemed to be
 the upper tails of another line of letters."*
 –Mircea Cartărescu

S
 sed half shoe dr nk sangre dividida
 a
 ausente explicacac ión sin entrada sin
 c
 salida puertal c misa agujerada sol
 a

sueño sudor **O** os helados sin
 j
 feets mist lint ye disappearants
 e
 under face los in bright dark
 t
 a

,

,

”

/

\

.



door is closed open
*"My life opens...even if the great gate
of literatre...looks like a cat door..."*
-Mircea Cartărescu

cage opens reflective bars bright lice
air cube fog text wriggles
flood dice nada adan dice ecid
todo odot der Tod ist la lengua sale
deportada sez it all trees flop on
muddy street coff their single
leaf
le af
lod dol
i
n
Ö
f
a
c
i
al
fin

my soluble loss congermination
*"In the dream, my tongue was cut
into chunks of meat."
-Mircea Cartărescu*

knot scratched on
leaking window skull tubular
scans wall shattered knife
rust towel eye full
clam itch mouth mist
double orb transom route
ashless stealth
clustered suits

~  dissolving air

.snore.

c

ro

en

s

s

s

s

de /

with nothing I was shot
*"What will bring the slow, twisted
progression of the bullet called the
future into the hard wall of my
cranium?"*

-Mircea Cartărescu



air end clad floats tool just
stood sheet slag plastic shot
stool said clot blur tub split
brain time femur melt sleep
slab gut floor sot spit clé ou
bliée langue mer doigt coupé

l o n g

p o o l

w e t s

c

h

a

i

r

se ~as

the ball burns inside out
*"...the sky opened over the field to
reveal a sphere of black, scaly,
glass, which rose through the
gold and purple air..."*
-Mircea Cartărescu

~



~

a burning step congealed to
face stone blind sight yr
acid bird sleeps dans ton
livre sur tu jeta infac
tiva avec tu fechaveugle
piso sentence crossed

h e a N i n g

f i E l d

R

..



10

the comma's coma
"Do writers ever see anything?"
-Mircea Cartărescu

,

, ojos pulcros , tensión circular ,
, lo mismo pasa , cagadas cejas ,
, laundry pissed , books blank ,
, bland neck , chupa fango ,
, camisa ojeada , centro ,
, exterior , plumas ,
, ascuas , dark ,
, white ,
, hit ,
, i ,
ee r a s ee

,

the coffered dots swallowed
*"...he keeps writing, keeps tattooing
the skin of his books, weaving
beautiful and useless things
together..." -Mircea Cartărescu*



. 's nothing . swallowed cave .
. ladder shade . broke finger .
. acid ink . tongue flame .
. black watch . mind's never .
. meat peeled . spurt books .
. shoes sink . gate explodes .

.gag.

.ash.

.use.

n a d a r



sky flood looks up
*"...flocks of crosses scrawled in red ink
circling the stormy sky."*
-Mircea Cartărescu

TT

/

side stab crystalized I
tilted leftward air
swirled in @ knob
bruised tongue flood
fall door drool slab
calcite grit explanated
cue loss center

ent
oss
rit
ouc
ecu
euc
u

U

chop off the finger
“...as though the pen in an author’s
hand began to oppose the
fingers that guided it...”
-Mircea Cartărescu

N G E R

fell off the mirror yr face
contagion’s ink rain smears
yr shirt’s a dust absentia it’s
yr heel-gagged mouf sed
behind a sweaty skin wall
behind yr meat
hind yr mea
ind r me
nd m
nm
d

D O W N E D

R

R

R

R

R

R

,

contusion of the air
*"...I'm flying up through the
 tube of the bell, like I
 have wings."*
-Mircea Cartărescu

22

~each dust contusion felt a slab~
 ~meat smeared on freeway~
 ~was a negck splap was yr itch~
 ~door leg mist lapsed page a~
 ~tine snapped gristle finger~
 ~writ tube flat steam sugar's~

~~grease~~

≈maets≈

≈crushed≈

 $\approx \text{clam} \approx$ $\approx_{\text{malc}} \approx$ $\approx \lambda m \approx$ $\approx_{\text{mal}} \approx$ 

the cells are wet
*"We are all prisoners inside
 multiple concentric prisons."*
-Mircea Cartărescu



...in absentia scuffles a floor scraping...
 ...dust window sweats mist fills...
 ...yr ears *¡ay!* mis vacíos me dicen...
 ...la nada líquida iluminada con...
 ...tu hoscuridad light burnt a...
 ...way mist breaks leaks eht tsim...
 ...skaerb *b s* rígrado...
 ...el sudor de mi rodus sudormido...
 ...my empty sweat...
 ...*curved*...



su
 dor
 mir
 ror
 'sUs
 l
 u
 l
 ar
 de
adan

char noeticus

*"Something happened of supreme
importance, but incomprehensible
to my poor brain, the prisoner of its
stupid skull." -Mircea Cartărescu*

.....

yr blind shoulder heaving § combers
wash across the sea yr soaking sentence
falls out the paragraph sinks in the silt
a stone door burning . walls shiver ,
eyes turn back in is forward . the
fingers know , they do not dream

maerd

mer

me

ma

R

DRI

ES

≈

~

it's not the knotless knot
*"...writing into the deep, through
 the pages, and not scattered
 across their surfaces..."*
-Mircea Cartărescu



Notless' not transparent book
 pages bladeless under legs f
 olded lengua's exslabination's
 no thing roof explodes para
 graphs collapse into fluid bed
 rock voice ash deconsuffocated
el fin del aire
fin al a

o ~ o

~

~

~



X.

the flood's burning stone
*"Because silence and ash are
straight paths."*
-Mircea Cartărescu



no dije nda ni nada decía a≈
≈float cross parking lot bags
in wind ~ ~ clock foam dust
laundry≈ ~ smoke chuffed
breath & red wind gland
sensor itch spool unglued
eye cave drippy floor pool



dragged under



cardiolvido del ensueño
*"The essential ambiguity of my writing.
Its irreducible insanity. I was in a
world that cannot be described..."*
-Mircea Cartărescu



DR

Y

OLK

cracks & shores , lung & tubes
meat & flags , time & lint
roof & fire , estrabismo & loot
sock & gland , blank & no
fuel & cash , chair & wind
cheese & suit , sponge & stink

seco

&

soRdo

U

N

soundless ssoouunndd folded up

*"...so finely tuned that it will always defy
the monstrous roar of matter."*

-Mircea Cartărescu

S **sp** **pe** **E** **A** **ak** **ks** **S**

my deaf boulder gleams shuts
laundry nexplication doubles yr
grinding hair yr clockless ticktick
shoeless slept awake the shadowed
tissue roar nor is nor was retroubled
stuplication rubbed down to yr *flicker*

ing

feet

coag

ulat

i **O** **n**



<time stretched from the beak>

*"How would we bear the passage of
time that dragged pieces of our body
and our world along?"*

-Mircea Cartărescu

~~Oexpl~~siónO~~

bloodless tissue wanders thought's
tough hair ash falls out wind my
nostril fries , yr floater spells
detritus flaccid hands or *gg*
love you drag across my
face deconglanded ,

in whis

per

petu

ates

TU

ALA

BRAZO

~EN LLAMAS~



el libro de tenedores en llamas

"Down with death!"

-Mircea Cartărescu

¿yr?

hated lung compaction loose
book quivers with ants ;;;;;;
& forks yr burnt hand's red
laughter pleura , rain dries
yr face)*my shingled tooth*(yr
pocket hole stuffed with corn
mmmm yr nostril's concrete

foam

stalks

below

the

cliff

;)

Coaticue cristalina
“...what fluttering of her obsidian
dress and hair...face...like that
of an insect...”

-Mircea Cartărescu

). (

hormiga erótica ; ¡dáme los pies!
tu culebra de grasa mecánica me

≈ *unta los labios* ≈

afistulados y exféricos OO ,
sin fin sino finado , mis com
idas son tuyas , madre
desmadre , me has
comido completo

mas

no me has com

ido

nada

¡AN

DA

TE

SEÑORA FUTILANESCA!





SEÑORA EULIGNESSA:

LE

DA

!AN

mas

ido

no me pas com

mas

comido completo

desmadre ' me pas

idas son tuyas ' madre

sin fin sino finado ' mis com

astulados y exóticos OO '

≈ una los labios ≈

tu culpeja de grasas mecánicas me
potencia erótica : ¡dame los pies!

)•(

-Mircea Călbărescu

of an insect..."

dress and hair...face...like that

"...what suffering of her obsession

COASTLINE CRISTALINA

